Marcel Ray Duriez

Nevaeh

Book: 46

Hells Purgatory

Preface:

Moonlight-

You want to say there is no God, or that you well not saver Jesus, then take across like the one I wore around my nick for years, and threw it into the trash, and let it there, if it goes to a landfill and stays there then you know that you are an atheist, I did this yet I had to go get it, I'll never go there all the way, yet I am here over what I did wrong in my first life… and I still question testament why I am here, and not there, yet the best part is I don't care. Just like you all… why do you care?

Why?

(Back)

Naddalin was about to collapse over the weight of McDermott’s death and feeling, yet once more like she was the cause of it all.

And yet was rescued by Jinger and Emmah, who each seized McDermott under an arm and shoved her back into that chair she falls out of at the point of her death.

McDermott allowed herself to be steered into a chair and slumped over the- table, some would have just thought she was sleeping, or sobbing

uncontrollably, her face glazed with tears that dripped down into the tangled beard. Yet some like me did not think they were the last ones ever, for her.

And McDermott, what is it, the help you need? Said Emmah, horrified.

Naddalin spotted an official-looking letter lying- with her name on it too familiar to her in times of death, for her to open on the- table. And it was McDermott- testament- of everything she had kept throughout the years- and staggering net worth 35 million dollars, all now- yours- ‘more money than you will know to do with’ it said- ‘yet it is

yours, to keep- and to keep you happy and safe- when I am gone?’

-And-

What is it saying…? The girls asked…

Blink- Blink- is all Naddalin did with her jaw dropped.

Naddalin’s sobs redoubled, but she- shoved her- letter in her hip pocket, before someone asked her to read aloud:

Further to our inquiry into the- attack by them and the best student in my class, we have accepted, the fact that I have lived too long and need to

save you from yourself, even if they are after you know you have the power and money more than they will ever- be smart and use it wisely.

Do not cry over me it was time- to live this place forever. Take NO responsibility for me- or the regrettable incident of them, they will never stop- why we may never know, that is for you to find out.

Harmoniously, well, that's- okay then, said Jinger, clapping at the fact that Naddalin was now a millionaire, grabbing and squeezing her- shoulder saying congratulations-

you will live forever and never die you have too much money to die.

‘There is no way that can get at you now…’

‘I wouldn’t say that-’ she said back in an uneasy replay- ‘they will find some other way- with them there is always a way.’

But Naddalin continued to sob and waved one of her hands in front of her face, the long slave of her sweater was covering part of her hand, yet she was alluding to read on.

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And then, an announcement…

Heads up girls, this just in- Just today we got a new girl in after she smoked a Tide pod in a bong, and accidentally killed herself… by trying to be cool on Facebook- to her loser friends that think ingesting chemicals if funny.

Naddalin said- ‘well that’s a new one, and dumb like I never heard in all my years.’

Megan a girl that was showing her around said- ‘well she really sweet and very shy- be nice, she was after just trying to be cool.’

‘Melissa- your 14 years old what the HELL; do you have the mentality of a 5-year-old? Some were shouting… in the room.

‘Either way, death is death… she said, I am happy today young, and go to hell doing it, send me down!’ She spoke.

Karly said, ‘don’t feel bad- like- I knew a girl that tried smoking a tampon, so don’t worry you're normal!’

‘‘It is our job to take them from life…’ deaths angels, some call us even if we do not like that terminology, I sometimes think it true we rip little

girls away for their mommies' and-a daddies.'

'However, we must register our concern about girls just you and question if we need to step in and look at them- before the end- or just take-um.'

So-o, what is this… hells… Purgatory?

'In a way yes… unless- you want out, or have the money… in.'

'We have decided to uphold the- official complaint of Mr. Lucius Mallerie and the matter will, therefore, be taken to the- Committee for she-

Throwing away of Hazardous Beings… it just feels wrong… some said- even if it the kids dumb.'

'I feel like a baby killer, I did not want to take her,' said Megan one of the death angels.

'After- all there just little kids…'

The new girl started chatting with the girls saying- 'I wanted to save- the taste of flavor the flavor, and save it for later, for I was a giver and him a taker, I lived for danger.'

'OMG- I loved her,' said Haven…

‘OMG- you look just like her… I was here in another life- he- he.’ She spoke.

‘More is- arriving, and there is nothing to go to them about its already done, this all will take place on January 20th, around a month away-’ said a professor in an authoritative voice, ‘… and we ask you to present yourself at Crête the orientation in front of the- Committees for Pennsylvania for the new girls bright in on that date, in the best way possible.’

-And-

‘As you know this goes by alphabetical order, of all 50 states, and then worldly; before someone asks the dumb question; Pa girls are coming in the hundreds- it is just some of these young lady’s times’, that all.’

Yours in fellowship… praying time stars- on your knees girls- they were all huddled in a circle, and in the center- they were literally in the heart of the dark lord- ora, resembled as the star in the wood flooring, light by flaming torches- (all of the eyes rolling and shaking muttering chants- to the dark God or death to keep their soul looked here and not banished to the

underworld lower,) at this time… remember what that means, study tarot your cards, dark magic, wigi-boards, books, wands, flying, crystals, potions, magical seances, stay locked in a trance of magical, and death itself as an art form, and remember why your here, and not there.

Naddalin- ‘And just last week, I was licking the corn out of others shit, just to survive… now look at me; I have it all, and still, I have everything to lose, and nothing- even if that is everything, that I need to live.’

(In the background there was chatter.)

‘There followed a list of the-Hayvannahol councils, so there is nothing you girls and can say or do, it's been said and done, more girls are coming here.’

‘Oh,’ said Jinger…

-And-

‘Committee, make the plans on life and death…’

‘But- but- yeah- do not know, these dangerous creatures?’

‘They're just a new girl’s like you.’

‘You were a new girl at one time, were you not?’

‘‘Ornaments of disposal-’ there just babies, look at the ages here! Said Emmah, this one is 9, and she ended her own life.’

‘Why…?’

‘…That is a question, I still can answer.’ Whispered, Naddalin.

And McDermott, had her wings ripped away at a youthful age, didn’t she?

Naddalin, whipped her eyes on her sleeve, saying- ‘yes, sad but true.’

‘Also, they have some interesting creatures, coming here to where our colors!’

‘I am scared…’ said the one in the back.

~*~

-And-

Naddalin, then spoke up, saying- ‘I have had my wings ripped off many times too with only the hopes of magic to grow them back; the gashes in my were back unbelievable and deep and bloody scaring in many ways, something you have never seen before in your life, I am sure of that, she said…

to Emmah who was sitting right beside her holding her hand tightly, along with saying- ‘I have been broken, in so many ways- in every way a girl can be broken.’

‘It was by them,’ she said to me- me being Emmah.

Then she said, ‘not long after when I was a younger girl in the battle, that I wrote about in book 1, a fight that was so-o unbelievable, and there was so-o strong, and I was so-o week, I did not understand why I do now… um, like with everything- I learned that, um the hard way too.’ She shuddered to say.

Later that night, some of the girls walked to their lost mentors' home, to clean it out, and go through what was not Naddalin's.

A sudden sound from the- corner of McDermott's odd cottage made Naddalin, Jinger, And Emmah whip around.

Becca and the others were lying in the- corner in the window set, Hayvannah moping on about something that was oozing all over the- bench, it was silver sparkly Passion Dust all of us girls have vaginal fluids that are sparkly when we have a natural discharging- just something we magical

girls do- when turned on or- really said the color changes to the mood- a sliver of sadness, just like a cut will glass when opening upon us in this magical world, a shad of azure that shimmers.

‘Hurry up…!’

Hayvannah- ‘My horse, Charlotte, was with the chariot, the windows frosted, and glowing warmly, and I cannot leave her tied up out there in her- snow, any longer- girls come one, it is feeling cruel!’

‘I think- I am good here’ said, Naddalin still heartbroken.

…Hayvannah was the caretaker of 10 white flying horses, her main was already getting frosted white gleaming ice crystals, looking like the trees tipped after a have snow.

‘Enough rummaging thought McDermott things.’

‘You have not heard, everything here in this home including the home is now mine,’ said Naddalin- ‘including this, she held out in her hand what they were looking for a hoary key to the banks, vaults- to inherent her new-found fortune.’

‘All and everything she own’s, now even the town! To ensure her prolonged life…’

‘So-o, at Christmas, this was your gift, it said in this and she held up the will.’ She spoke.

‘Um-hmm’ she mumbled quietly.

-And-

‘And you really- say that, as no-one loved you- mmm- U-MMM.’

‘No, I cannot after all, and that is what caused me to have Parkinson’s disease when I was in school after everything, I have gone through this

has made me what I am, then all the anxiety and stressors, and suppression of feeling and emotions, in the first place has made everything even worse, that was all I ever had wrong with me, a neurological disorder, never mind. And dementia is a side effect, something also I feel is warping my mind, yet they had something to do with that also.

‘Maybe- that is why I didn’t… I was sick of others feeling emotions, of this and that about me- and I did not want that too- I already had enough of that in my life and life’s past.’

‘So-o that is all…’ said the girls, ‘why did you not say so… and they all felt pity for her.’

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Naddalin, Jinger, and Emmah looked at one another, feeling she must be truthful, about everything she has said out of her mouth and within her mind too- you can fake memories lost in the mind- the mind of the thought of all things past does not lie.

They had never agreed with McDermott, yet Naddalin was the pet of the class, always… and neither did she, yet she had ties that were

stronger… with her than with any other person; in a lot a ways' they were the same, or maybe- it was over that she was nice and understanding, or was the first to get her story and figure out everything.

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Back to the dorms with the girls in their bunks, at dusk… they read feather on in the reports of newspaper magically flying around the room- and old-style text appearing, speculations- about them- the new girls coming with headlines.

‘Look at this one’ said one girl- called ‘interesting creatures’ and other people called ‘terrifying monsters’ in their hometowns.’

‘They will print anything these days’ said, Naddalin.

Even the dark ghosts that refuse to rest were all a chatter… bones from the grave that have recreated in nothing but lost a soul, over fear, for the world they are lost in.

On the- other hand, there did not seem to be any harm in breaking news, when there is some truth to, the

fact, some of these new girls coming have like no IQ, to speak of…

(A week or so back)

McDermott’s was done, they said, she said- to her colleges- ‘they cannot read, they cannot write, they can’t even make a fragment… usual standards here are so much lower than what I even was going to start them with them after all-we are a school, there positively cute, and that was teaching with me ended-

I’m tired… and feel I need to sojourn.’

‘So- journ- a temporary stay, that was a vague way of putting it.’

Besides, you will have to put up a good strong defense on, said Emmah, sitting down and laying a hands-on McDermott’s massive headstone; and let her wisdom pass into you, and have it locked in you forever.

Do it Naddalin take her place, ahead professor- her at the school- it was her wishes, you know bureau of magic is asking you to take her place- also your perfect for these new girls, and they would be honored to have you, feeling her shoes, or wings if you well- making you the most powerful of them

all, and they who held over you well fear you.

‘And I am sure you can prove everything you say and stay safe.’ Said Emmah like a significant other would.

‘Or, I could just piss them off, and the fight will go on, and I already know, that it well, nonetheless- you know what… I want to… I want to do this… and- I WELL- EVEN IF IT KILLS, ME FOR THE LAST TIME.’ Said Naddalin.

-And-

And she placed her hand upon the grave and the light streamed and

beamed in vast bight white and gold rays, around her body in great power, and she was restored stronger, and more power than ever before.

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A statue is a place for a wandering soul, like the one of McDermott grave displaying the fallen angel, it is a legend now, that her young depiction, of the girl on top of the grave, will turn to face left or right from the side, that it will turn on its own honoring the God of darkness- to face the moonlight- the only light in the darkness, yet massive and heavy- the only it could move is by a dark

enchantment, so it was said- that every night a child the young child of all girls in the class of flying, well lay a .9999 gold cone with the fallen angels depiction of when she was 14, on it on the head side- and on the tails, the school castle. On the one side, it says, ‘only in the darkness you can understand something clearly at last…’ and on the other the quote on her gave. Along with the year 1917.

This is done- to keep her soul at peace, a prayer by Naddalin herself, a tiny offering to her for her safekeeping, and horning her idol- to keep her evil bullies away if she could.

And every night the cone goes missing… and it- its place is a fragment of Nevaeh life gives back in a paper leaf- hand-written by her ghost itself, that is added into a book, was Naddalin magically takes the text pulling it away from the paper and converts, them back into memories in her mind when looking into the thick volume.

She is fighting still for AVA and her sisters for Nevaeh’s rights, even in final death, retrieving from the enemies- to give to whom Nevaeh who is lost inside Naddalin mind, body, and soul.

1 oz Gold, is worth $1,350.29, which is nothing now-a day's… for the new multimillionaire.

'She knew my quote before I did,' said Naddalin…

And was it true that Lily was albino, and had pink eyes, that she covered with blue contacts? Over the face, she was picked on for something that she could not control, and that the fact she had no skin color… and light then light hair- that was almost white, and was shy over it?

‘Yes’ was all she said back… holding her breath, and then letting it out, she whispered- ‘it was true…’

Portion

(Some time has passed)

‘Girls like her- her being Lily were so vulnerable about everything, she was just looking for someone to say it all going to be okay.’

And it really will not make any difference, how well it, I never-ever thought she would end things that way! Said Naddalin.

Then sobbed Naddalin no more, saying- ‘this is the way it, was all meant to be.’

And they disposable devils well become my prized angels; I have the teaching job in my pocket!

Naddalin- ‘Scared her, I was never; worried yes!

But I well worry no more!’

As you know- I and us girls have your back.

-And-

Emmah, drew her finger swiftly across her backside, then gave a

great moan and lurched forward, her face in her arms, saying ‘you can do better them me now- and I would not stop you from finding something better.’

‘I don’t want SOMEONE you mean, other than you!’ She said back. ‘You're more than just a thing…’

(The conversation moves forward.)

‘Besides, she does not enough to fear me really, she does not, and she groaned, yet she is dumb enough- to keep at me, and I want her, too I want

her- this is never- ever going to be over.’ Naddalin said.

‘I would have to say, that I agree with you…’ spoke Emmah- along with saying, ‘what about Duerre, is she coming back this year or not? I don’t feel like babysitting, another girl that is not going to look up to me.’

‘You have been there- and done that… too many times… I know.’

I am sorry to say too, I feel as you do, I do not want to be mean either…

‘Yet, I know that you would understand me when I say this and not

think critically, that I do not care if she does or not.'

'I got yah,' Emmah said, with her hand on her back.

Naddalin- 'Besides- I have got enough on the plate as is now, with keeping them Dementors out of the- castle, and the girls lurking around, and making young ladies out of these girls, in my class.'

'And that is the only thing they can become as of now Dementors, until they can get a body or a new life, at least I can at this point keep them at bay.'

‘No easy task…’ alleged Emmah.

-And-

(A chat with all the ladies…)

The conversation began where it left off… the day or so before…

Emmah stared- to say…

‘Or maybe, you need to stop putting all your dildos, in the same drawer, if you know what I am saying.’

‘What?’ Some shouted…

Emmah went on saying- ‘Like- think about it… remember that you have your good one, your bad ones, the

one that no one should see, Ya know that one… and you're anal.’ (she said that wrinkling up her face…)

‘Do you have a point here?’ Naddalin is looking at her disturbed, asking the- if.

‘I am sure, I do…’

‘Like- do not act as if they are all the one that should be in the anal drawer, just because they get up your butt… do not act as if they are all those and can be used in other ways.’

‘Nice…’

‘I’ll do as I say- and give all these kids a chance.

‘ME TO…’

Unanimously, they all had to agree…

Portion

Jinger and Emmah looked quickly at Naddalin, as though expecting her to start criticizing McDermott for not telling Naddalin that she- truthfully Black, child- that it was all part of the plain for him to die, to trap them.

‘It was all meant to be, don’t you see?’ She spoke.

‘He will never be my real daddy, yet he might as well be in this body… get it?’

‘No- we don’t understand…’

‘Nonetheless, Naddalin could not bring herself to do it act of criticizing her, at all even if they were somewhat right.’

They could see that Naddalin was no longer miserable and scared, to live life.

It was the first day of her new class with these new ladies. ‘Listen up, girls,’ she- said, along with saying; ‘you can’t give up.’

They all had this like- sheepish dumbfound look on their angelic faces.

Emmah said- ‘You’re right, you just need a good teacher, and you got the best here.’ She added, as asked, by Naddalin before taking the job full-time that she would have an assistant- for one-on-one time. And witness to all that took place to make sure, this and that was not said or said to be true or not true.

-And-

‘And Listen to her,’ Emmah, she- said, along with ‘…and you cannot

give up, on yourself if we- and most of all she will not- ever- or never.

(The sweet ah-h-h's lovingly went around the room.)

'Emmah's right you all, you just need to have fun as you learn, all that is your craft.'

'Then I'm sure I've read about a case of this before, at some point in our school's history, attracting the documents from the old dusty shelves within old book logs, that are ripped and tattered,' said Emmah. 'Remember that no one is worthless- here, and don't let others say that you are-

definitely the staff, if someone here is doing that come to me about it.'

'Isn't that- tattle-telling…?'

'It is to some…'

Then in another breath, 'yet not to me at this point, if you are being bullied, and after all, I will not stand for anyone being prosecuted; over no fault of their own.'

'That is why we started this school in the first place- is it not?'

(And there are all shaking their head like the little sweet school-girls, in their nice, cleaning, and tidy, pressed school girl uniforms, looking far too

innocent for their good, some are even popping gum, and kicking their feet under the desks.)

‘And there are such bad kids,’ Emma whispers, in Naddalin’s ear.

‘I know right,’ she said, with a sigh of reliving.

She then went on to say… ‘to have a place for someone like you and me, you all have a home here.’

Later that night, Emmah said, ‘thoughtfully, I thought we got off to easy here.’

‘And their bad girls…?’ Said Emmah.

Naddalin- ‘Ha, now that a joke… he- he- he, they're just misunderstood, and not even that, there just- Naïve, immature, and juvenile- adolescents for their age.’

Emmah- ‘I’ll look it up for you and see what the past teachers have said about each one and see exactly what happened.’

-And-

‘Yeah, right!’ she- said.’

‘One even gave you her divination already?’

‘Yep…!’

And you just left them to skip off to their rooms, in their new home, feeling loved, is what you did, and

‘you’ll let them won’t you, every day?’’

‘Yep…!’ She said back…

‘Then you did your part…’

‘Oh my…’

‘You are not going to believe this, like here it said that one night this girl here: Issy Miralda - she was killed by her daddy… and batten- AND USED.’

‘Why?’

‘She when to a boy’s home, by braking in- ran to his room, and dumped his fake-puss stuff inside her to have his baby… and he had no clue that she was even alive.’ Said Emmah.

(Naddalin- remembering the days of being Nevaeh- it was a fragment in her mind that was still hanging on by a thread, even if heartbreaking.) ‘Sometimes, I wonder if having my thoughts given back is a good thing or if I just going to be even more traumatized.’ She said, tilting her head.

-Yet-

That sound like my own life, I did that…

Oh, seem like moons ago… (sigh) I was hobbled as a small girl by my real mother- I remember being on the top bunk and getting the betting where I was an inch to life, my butt cracked; over nothing, my right ankle; twisted by a boyfriend… so I would not run, yet I did as much as I could, even after.

And just like her with my schooling in class, all the way from 1st up to 12th they had me playing with A B C block’s, too, hell all you needed to do with the workbook is trace out the

outlined letter of the word like- ball; I understand this girl's life.

I still think about it from time to time, I remember getting the betting with a garden hose, also- my mother physio- sister even tried one cut my citrus off completely over peeing the bed, over being scared and afraid, of life, or the life they gave me.

I EVEN HAD TO BATH WITH HER BOYFRIENDS! Remember have dip spit into my mouth as I was the tobacco Splatoon for his dirty habit, just to see how strong I was, I had to hold it, and swallow, something- I got

used to as I got older, with men like this.

So, the first boy to show you some love, yes you want to keep him at all costs, I get it. And then they giggled in my young face and did another line… yet my mother went to my schools saying that I was a vegetable, and the courts were on her side, and she one regardless of how much Hope fought agents what she said, or wanted… I was branded, just like her as no good within my home-town. Hope took me away, so my mother to my life…

Naddalin- (sigh) ‘I feel that maybe things are changing for the better…’

The- words where hardly out of her mouth when the- female - Life Devourer shrieked, wanting death, demise, deceased, expiry, and death- like a victim, therefor Naddalin was a minstrel woman- and at this point was out of the head of her past, and fear of being Nevaeh, nonetheless.

As well as flying into the room, like devil its-self, saying ‘this is not over,’ and the black girl figure with thin, slight, trivial, and minor

character, yet vast in her power, was floating no-less than two inches to

Naddalin’s face, looking for a supremacy match.

Naddalin was just ready for the: thing to go away- at this point this was just an everyday! She looked at her fake watch on her wrist, yawned sarcastically- in the blackness of the dark figure that should be a face, saying- ‘okay honey- do your 15 minutes, to ruin my day and get on with it so-o I can too.’

...Before she- had finished-d the spell, to sweep her away, she was gone,

and looking through the- new glass of the past the sphere slipped to the- tips of her fingers yet she- managed to cling on to it- saying ‘yet the still have my nerves do not they, yet they will not get you- well they this time…’ and she kissed the crystal ball of her youth and childhood.

Seeing memories play in swirls, like this one playing when she road peddle bikes with the neighbor girl- and remember the first crush at 5, something she had completely forgotten about, yet she had deep feelings for yet was never able to say, over being forbidden- by her- and the

Blackbird girls. She saw the first memory ever when she said, to her mother- ‘no she is my girlfriend, and they were holding hands.’

Then again, wasn’t your home-town nothing but trash, red necks, and gripes, all with a confederate flag hang for their dumps of a home, and so red wing, they would rather have shot you then look… did I get that, about right? …Along with sucking- Christ dick ‘till yah licked ball is, saying you’re going to hell if you don’t have the same beliefs?’ Said Emmah.

‘Yepper pretty much…’ she said back, you got and even I never

really saw, this thinking, that this was the way of the entire world.

‘I at times even asked if I was black…’

‘No, you're whiter than white…, so that can’t be it.’

‘Oh, she- knows how to play, little bitty baby,’ Jenny- said, along with saying look at her babyish, mad eyes staring through the top of her hood all pulled down, of her sweat-shirt.’

‘Boo-ooo hoo-ooo!’ cried, Jenna.

‘‘Oh, I always know the victim…,’ she remembers I could have you murdered- at my say to final death-

at this moment, and no one here would care- BITCH, if your body is eaten by worms, in the graveyard outside.'

Jenny, she did not say another word, and rain off- by the glares- the other girls gave.

'Very well, then- with a name like that- like, I would not talk carp about others… ah- like- the nerve of her.' Said one of the girls in the group around them.

'Can we disposal of her?' Some asked, she- 'nothing but a slutty bully- she is!'

‘I TOLD YOU, NO!’ Lucius Mallerie roared at the young woman.’

‘Naddalin?’ The girls looked at her all pouting like, with big eyes, and even some with the lip dropped.

‘We can’t stand her!’

‘She so flipping dumb.’

‘She not nice to us at all.’

‘She can even read…’

‘She doesn’t need to completely dye, just make her a Re-tard-ed… for us.’ They all agreed unanimously to do so-o.

Then Karly said, overtop all others- ‘I thought she already was…’ and they giggled, like sweet little school’s girls, that they are.

Naddalin’s mind was racing… at the thought of her new powers to kill, with no consequences.

And then returning was- The-Life Devourer, she wanted the dusty spun glass sphere. Yet Naddalin- had no interest in giving it up, without a match of power, streaming like liquid plasma flowing from both of their fingertips, they licked in the energy battle, after a minute or so the back figure had backed down after the

stream of power was shorted to the point she would lose and die a final death, feeling sham she vanished into thin dust before their eyes.

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She- just wanted to get them all out of the room alive, to make sure none of her friends paid a terrible price for her stupidity… of not backing down.

And five more moments pass, and it was back… and this time even more ruthless.

The- woman stepped forward, away from the fellow girls, and pulled off her hood, it was you know who in

the flash, in an inferno of a whoosh, there were gasps from the others all around, and shrill screams- of saying ‘she is back.’

…It was- Mazel Amsel.

‘All the freaking money in this world will never keep me away from wanting to destroy you!’ She said wickedly.

‘What is your problem?’

‘I do not have one or need one… all I need you to do is question everything- and ask why about noting.’ She rips off in a hast bellowing a-crossed the room.

‘You need more coaxing?’ she- said, her chest rising and falling rapidly.

Very well then you were never the- smallest one,’ she- ordered more Life Devourers to stand beside her- and bring the podium.’

‘Get her,’ she roared, and they did they had Emma restrained…

Let her watch while we torture her like- the little girl, and they did they cut her wings off and let them lay there on the floor like a bloody mess…

‘‘Ha-’ she said in a sick twisted way, I remember doing this to you, yet I

am sure if you remember that either- once again you could never retain anything over not being able to handle it.'

'Don't you harm her…' said Naddalin.

'No- no… simple child, I am not going to your going to do it… to her…'

'And she pulled out a razor baled and said her cut here's off… or I will kill your little girlfriend and piss in the ashes.'

'I'll do it.' And she was held by all of them till she did…

…And Emmah screamed.

‘Sorry for this… and she pulled back the hood, and made the cut.’ Looked under a trance of power there was no way out, of doing as she asked.

‘Now take her out to the yard and hag her from a tree, in a nose… naked and we can all giggle at the fact that just like you know one cared.’

‘Don’t stop there, said Naddalin… just open my mouth and take a shit in it! Why don’t yah.’

‘Not a bad idea… once again, do not try to verbalize, you look, dense, dim, dull, obtuse, slow, and most of all stupid.’

Then just like the ghost of McDermott, loomed, to stop all the senselessness of this women's evil, and at that moment, Naddalin bought bodyguards; so, this would not happen o'er or another time.

McDermott- The hunt of her past, even said 'I told you to use your new wealth wisely, why didn't you?'

'I thought I was…' she said back.

'I can only do so-o much…'

Emmah was still outside in -20 hanging from a tree, by a rope in the moonlight. Held feeling half-dead, and

sped, and body numb, like complete led, she was unresponsive, to the other girl's touch, she was lost to them… another loses, for this girl to cope with.

Mazel- ‘You will never feel love, or have any happiness, as long as my soul lingers, and if mine no longer lingers, I will see to it that one of my girls- well course you some type of pain and you be left there babbling the question of why- awe so sad.’

Then she vanished in a puff of misty dust… in the thin air, she was long gone and nowhere to be found; her job was done…

That night Naddalin, collapsed and was not out of sickbay, for 6 mounts, and did not even care to see anything but her face in a pillow- over grief.

Portion

Naddalin felt- rather close to a new girl named Jill, who came to look after her every day; Naddalin had only had her class for a week yet she had changed lives, within her classroom, she- stepped sideways so that she- was right in front of her even if she would not stop crying to look at her long enough to see that she was there, she- forecast that she would be the next in

the line of girls lost to helping her yet, she felt called to do it, and Naddalin feel something in her chest, not a heart, she had not had movement in there for many moons, yet something was defiantly aching.

(Back)

Hervé Barrière had tunneled Dizeryland jail also to face me, in this killing- she is the wicked mastermind, in digging up all the beloved girl’s from the school, that have fallen for the last time that is in the graveyard; out of their resting places and making skull torches with disembody heads- to flam lighting the dark creepy, eerie, and

spooky, night sky, on twigs from the very, tree around Emmah who was still hang by her nose, but it was alive with a feverish, fanatical glow.

Hervé then though all the rotting dead bodies in the large, bathtub, that all the girls use for their nightly accommodations- before bedtime and lights out, that held them all at once; even the haunts of the room were disturbed and wept.

Nude corpses are floating and bobbing about in the misty stream of the brownish water- a vaper is rising, along with an aroma- that matches- the feeling in the air- of death.

-Then-

‘Anyone that helps this girl, well end up facing death or some torcher in this or that kind way- that I feel fit, you have been warned.’ Her evil voice screeched in their minds.

‘Yah had to smash, this ball thingy that links you to the past, and let it go… said Jill, and we already have done that for you, we understand that you need rest.

I didn’t Jessa did, then she also alleged not stopping in her hyperventilating chatter, like- like un-a-and- if you want her to attack any of

us, we were not going to take any chances…' we were- told this by- Hervé, before they took her away in a patty-wagon pulled by horses down a brick road if we did not- that she would kill us all.

Naddalin did not even blink, and barely got out the words… 'very well then.' In her weekend state, and in her ability to speak.

As fare as Hervé goes, they finally get her on a-a steam train (it was a fight- yah know) like- in barred box care, and such- to take her back to the jail, in which she escaped from, and- and- like- it was quite the journey for

her to get here, and- and- a-like double, the time and funding to get her back.' She said this in a childlike modulation or inflection of the voice.

She- did not even move; she- the young foolish girl merely stared at her longing for words- yet none came, the- tip of her tongue moistening the lips of her mouth, yet she finally said; 'I do not think your boss will be too pleased with us if you come back without it, will she?'

Naddalin did not even grunt… and the child said 'well, I have to go… I am late for class now…'

‘One more- I am going to be- like a penny, two-faced and worth nothing!’ Said Naddalin.

Portion

(One year has passed)

‘So,’ said Naddalin, along with saying sheepishly… ‘um- what kind of prophecy are we talking about, anyway, in this so-called ball, all her memories were whipped away, and she had become a sad, and lonely lost soul of a fallen angel, without a friend in either world.’’

She- could not think what to do but to keep talking, and babbling on

about nothing. Neville’s arm was pressed against her, and she- could feel her shaking- her condition has worsened- she was deteriorating away; and imprudent at this point to even fight. They have made her out to be as they say, yet once more.

She- could always feel one-girls lingering souls with quickened breath on her, as if on the back of her head, down her neck, and along with the spin of her back. Hitherto, she could not remember why- about that either; yet she always felt as if someone were creeping over her. Yet she did not seem to mind.

Because- her mind was blank. She was hoping they were all thinking hard about ways to get her out of the state of mind that she was in and that someone had already formed an expert plan.

And that master plain lied with Emmah, in the ground, she kept all that was Nevaeh’s and now what was Naddalin’s life too- lost deep within her mind, that even in death could be retrieved- yet only she was that smart yet to remember something a clever, keen, ingenious, and nifty as that.

Yet she had to keep them out of her mind to get what she needed- and with no one to trust, she was stumped.

‘What kind of prophecy would she keep for me?’ Mumble Naddalin, still loopy, silly, and mindless.

(In a moment of thinking back and going back in time)

‘Prophecy-’ repeated Hervé- when she was being drugged away, her- grin fading from her face, think that her job was not done as asked, and the family, that she was under- you know who- and they would make sure that she would never become exposed

again, for leaving behind something for Naddalin.'

And then it hit her, when she remembered, after, being reminded, by Jill, that she was paying for everything in Emmah's life, even final death- 'it was love after all,' she always said.

Recalling back when- Emmah had picked out a tombstone, that was her, in stone also holding a crystal ball, 'Prophecy-' seen within her mind; the real crystal ball, lays with her, and it been out in the open for a year now, and no one ever knew, glistening in the duck sun-light was the real ball holding all that was her life, it was pulled down

from her praying hands… and her life and past lives were restored- in a magical moment.

Neville- came to me saying this… I had this dream, to get this from your room, and change it out, with a fake… It was not a dream, over the face, that I did yet do not remember- why I did- a total out of body expressive, as if Emmah soul was with-in me, mind, body, and soul.

Like… we could not believe that she would do this, yet it was in McDermott, Last Will, and Testament, that the next of kin would oversee finances, and that was Emmah, and all

things lost in time and the past. ‘To remember all things past.’

Her headstone read- ‘Do not wait for life. Do not long for it. Be aware, always and at every moment, that the miracle is in the here and now.’

…And it was!

Just like the days, that passed just like a photo- that would fade over time marked the moment, from an old-school shutter camera, that would be left to become lost in that, even when in development, with a new time to be relevant or not in the given time.

Portion

‘Nope, not joking I am the most powerful- in the world not once more- and I always was, yet did not see what was right in front of me over wanting to see nothing but glum and darkness- and be lost in the dealing of self-heating,’ said Naddalin- to Jill, her eyes focused now on all the Life Devourer gathering around her, to take away yet once more she was rain over more powerful- than any other in this land and even world.

Neville- looked and said, ‘this doesn’t bring her back though does it?’

‘Oh, yes but it can,’ Naddalin placed the heart-shaped key, that she

wore around her neck, in both of her lives in the hands of her statue, that marked her grave, and miraculously the stone begins to crumble- with magical rays of light, and resurrected fist the haunted torched soul and then the sinless wholesome body formed around, like a new nude born young woman in a pink blanky of the age of 5, was young, sweet, and completely innocent Emmah, now held in Naddalin's arms, to keep under her wings, and to say she is her child as if she was her mother.

Giving her new life, in a past life… some of the girls questioned and did not get either, yet we had her back-

and that was all that mattered. All the girls loved being little mommy with her, saying over and over how cute she is…

(Yet back to that moment)

They were looking for a weak link as to why she came back so young to them- yet there was no time to think about that, and space through which they could escape- aroused, and all the girls ran- even Naddalin with toddler Emmah still in her hands.'

'We know that we- like us girls all could do a spell to make her, like her real age…'

(They spoke up)

‘…Yet, we feel not too… we love her as is…’ they all said sweetly and unanimously…

And Naddalin was more than okay with this, she got what she wanted, and in a way deep down even without ever saying that she did be someone to love, keep, hold in a hug, and treasure.

‘Odd, they were dating before,’ said one…

Yes, but a year can feel like a lifetime without, so she is happy with what was meant to be at this moment-

she is lost in her eyes and love- with her new reason to live.

Portion

(In chatter among some of the girls)

How come Ava wants it she should have been the life brought back no?’

‘Some things in this world are mysterious.’ Said Emmah was barely able to get it all out.

‘Maybe Someone was praying for me’ Naddalin said being from ear to ear with her baby wrapped around her, talking in baby talk to her…

Jill- ‘that in the coinage to keep her dead… and away…’

Feeling defeat, and retreat, at once several of the- Death Devourers let out low theories- of why they no longer need to be there in screams- of torcher and terror, thought open windows and doors; and even though the walls themselves- they fled.

‘Yeah,’ said Naddalin, maintaining her tight grip on the- glass ball- saying I must hide this- yet they can see everything, even in my mind so how? So-o, expecting another attempt of them bewitch it from her.’

‘Don’t waste your time, I sure they know by now, your plan before you do.’ She spoke.

‘You dare not speak her name- ever again, or she will come back- we shall not.’ Whispered young Emmah.

No that is the last time, that can happen said… Emmah, or I- we dye for- a final time.

‘Yeah, I have no problem with saying- this pig of a woman’s name along with her precious piglets, or their now pigtailed fake hero- that they charmed, and as far as the girls they

are still milking from momma and flowing the leader!’

‘Shut your mouth!’ Naddalin Emmah cried, saying I am serious.’

‘Someone needs a nap and a bottle…’

Naddalin, I not shitting pissing with you, for the love of Christ- and the dark- God’s too, do not think you are out of the woods yet. Don’t mock me or the fact you have me back- and them away for a short while they're going to rain piss on you as you have never seen, you're never going to be invisible.’

‘You dare speak her name with your undeserving lips, you dare slander my life now that I am your half-bloods and have an idiom- that I need to hide from you, you dare… not treat me this way, as if I am your little girl, if not for me you would not be here.’

’don’t you know I am now half-blood too- and to her and those girls I should not be here?’

‘Blood is everything in this world of how you are going to be, and what you’re not, I am not happy, it was for you, so remember that…’ she said in baby babble.

Naddalin- ‘I cannot love if you’re a child, think about how that would look, if your now part of me too.’ Said Naddalin inconsiderately.

Emmah gave a little moan in her ear and fall fast asleep in her potting.

‘Ava…?’ She thought, I remember not to say it and she rolled her eyes, at the girl in her arms… knowing that she would a lest rising her, even if she were not okay with it, she would come around.

Rocking with her in her arms, she was sleeping hard, she did not hear

this… but… she said, ‘Yeah, your mother was a necromancer- and fallen as well- I remember, but your dad was a non-magical person, never part of this world,’ she whispered along with say… ‘ever- and never- knowing, don’t believe what I am been telling you… you should and she tapped her on her little sweet nose, un-pure blood is running through you, I think not- a little girl, if anything now with me- you have it all and everything you need- you need not worry, sleep peacefully?’

Portion

Now in the room where other glass crystals are stored, Naddalin

placed hers to hopefully get lost in time.

And then if now time to was she appeared, she being AVA herself before you could think, and before she could blink, a jet of inflamed red light had shot from the- end of her magical wand, but Mallerie had deflected it, slightly it was meant to hit Naddalin, yet it did not; the spell caused her to hit the roof and afoot to the- left of Naddalin and several of the- glass orbs- with past life memories were shattered- and lost to time.

‘ATTACK! WE NEED THE VISIONS- TO STAY SAFE, FOR EMMAH!’

Two figures, pearly white as ghosts, fluid as smoke, unfolded themselves from the- fragments of broken glass upon the- floor and each began to express; their voices- and the life they had inside competed so that only fragments of what they were saying could be heard over Mallerie and AVA’s shouts- when they thought they were more important to be heard.

Then the other girls appeared, from the grave, and the fight was on, just as Emmah said, in the room of

crystal, flashes of light, and power steams everywhere, a fight ‘till death, for the girls that are the liven dead, that want to bring final death to their enemies.

‘… At the- solstice will come a new one… if for them, after praying for one too the dark Gods, lower down- in this world.’

Little Emmah was in the girl’s room, sucking her two middle fingers, asleep where she was oh-so-o variable… at this point with no one around to protect her, even if the large arched wood door was looked, with a

skeleton key in the girl's chambers of dorm rooms, and bunks in a row.

And then Ava is there standing over young Emmah bed, with wicked thoughts, running through her head; 'she- dared the- dares' shrieked incoherently, she thought of all the things she wanted to do all at once, all the opinions rushing so fast she did not go about doing one of them, to this little girl, she- stands their saying 'filthy half-blood.' And the door flew open, and the attacks took place, as the child naps, though it an all-in-a piece that was priceless on her sweet innocent little face.

We well WAIT UNTIL WE'VE GOT her- PROPHECY crystal ball- in our hands before we kill her in front of your eyes!'

She is going to kill her- bawled Mallerie, too Naddalin, I have the child, she said, and she is going to leave now. It was odd she was quiet and even came about saying it.

All right I well, I let you keep her for some time and then make it even harder for you to let go.

'… And then I will come after…' you and her too… and I will take her from you in a way that you could not

even horror over in your darkest, deepest, dim, and gloomiest state of mind- that you would struggle to think of.’ Said the- figure of a young woman, that she was, yet not the one that was remembered as the why she looked off the past, Ava did not look like the girl Naddalin remember from the past looking back into the past remembrances of Nevaeh, who was deep in her, mind… yes taking Emmah when she becomes older and you are attached she said, would become that one is more tragic, heartbreaking, and demonic, lose to you, that she might be the end, of your dimwitted mind at last.

And I well rip this child head off- before that claw out her eyes- so she cannot see, before you and all the girls in these schools.

‘I could do that now…’ she said evilly.

And from that point on young Emmah had to live the life of a girl that could not see the world, she was part of, no way to see all that was wounded.

Emmah would be helpless… from this day on. Her blue eyes left in a jar give back to steam mad Naddalin, with giggles.

They rushed Emmah to the infirmary, yet there was nothing they could do no magic, no potion, no surgery, she would like the rest of her days as a blind girl. Her eyelids closed permanently. Yet from that day, she became, into playing the grand piano- and spent many hours in front of it, and this went on for years. Emmah became an expert and 12 even writing her pieces.

She did all her tasks on her own, yet magic and flying were- out… she was gifted now. And did not take life this way well for a year…

She was so wanting to be like the other, yet they were afraid of her… she became lost in being alone, and only trusting Naddalin, whom she only knew from voice, touch, and sent, and was very clingy.

Then at that moment at that time, it was as if the ball melted into thin air, at this point in her- figures of hers; not bursting or- devastated sphere in any way, go to another world a place they would never- ever know where it was; only Naddalin- remembering a place that she walked a day in and day out, where there were linked ribbons of still, that sway in the

wind, of high heights- that hunt like the ghost of the past- even in her loss of a mind- and the regain and the loss yet o'er, underneath one of the foundations, marked by a missing bracket, it would rest, eight feet under.

They would never- ever, even think of looking there… and to top that fact, they were not even part of the Earthy world any longer- (you know who, her them, she, and it too...) ...and were unlikely to be for years to come. It was an articulated plain, it was.

Nevaeh had nothing liked to them that reminded them of the past places they loved as a teen girl.

There was not even a while blow- next to her old homes but fragments, left even if she knew yet that did not, the memories have been altered, to the mind that where linked agent her wishes.

Teleported in space and time, the ball of mind was transported, locking out bits of life of all things past, and haunting, to remember yet should be remembered, over the fact it was her life.

The- problem was going to be conveying it to someone over on the other side not to ask questions just bury it, and ensure the- others would

never know. And That fall on Dariez, who she felt she could trust, that lived by the tracks. And her every move was graded over by Naddalin's soul of mind within her body- and thought the girls very eyes.

Another reason, Emmah- was stabbed out, so the only way Emmah could see the world was thought others, yet they knew that it was only ever going to be thought Naddalin eyes, in glitch, and lack of everything- of her body, mind, etc., or so they thought.

It would just be another link for them to see into minds- from other minds and eyes, to use in evil… and

Naddalin love and pleads from Emmah would never let this girl see out her eyes, or another girl in the world- why so-o they could control what she saw to relay back to them, and take her away or use agent her, and she too alike.

‘A world of darkness is better than a world of seeing nothing but pain when in this darkness your life, is- the love, I have for you.’ She said to her.

Yet, Emmah was contrary… yet empathetic.

Then the window glass smashed, shattered, and flew onto and upon the- floor from her screams of

defeat trying to live life like the other girls, she cried nonstop and lost herself reading books in braille.

They had, however, given Naddalin an idea, that this girl could read all the books in both worlds, and they both could become geniuses in their wealth of knowledge, even being unlike the rest in the world they would know more just in a unique way, both girls feel the same way they were not dumb in a way they just need to learn in a way that worked for their disadvantages in live others gave to them.

One book after another- another…

Emmah- ‘You haven’t told me what’s so special about the insight I’m supposed to be hand over to you, and not for me… to have a life, after all of this is for your gain and my loss after all,’ she- said to Naddalin, Emmah was playing as a child all time- or reading or playing musical instruments, with the younger first graders, even if at this time she was in her now teen years, they had her graded back to below elementary, in interactions.’

(Back)

Naddalin- She was hoping that worked that everything they were fighting over moved to the other world without shattering like her on the inside, she- moved her foot slightly sideways, feeling around for someone else's.

(Forward)

On top of all that she was hurting also over the fact that Emmah was starting to heather like a teen girl to a mother that was saying no too many times.

'Do not play games with us, Emmah,' said Mallerie, and Naddalin

winked at the girls and moved her lips without speaking, saying thank you!

All Emmah need was a friend.

‘I’m not playing games that I cannot see of trust what you’re going to do with me,’ said Emmah, half her mind on the- conversation, half of the wand that was laying on the foot of her bed that she felt she would never use again. That the magical world was over for her… (little did she know.)

And then she- found someone’s toes they were Mallerie’s and pressed down upon them, Emmah was saying teach me to trust you, with a sharp

intake of breath the girl said ‘ouch’ she told her you can trust me with your life, and music started saying one way to trust me fast is to learn how to dance, and the music started. And then stepped in something she never felt before- it was a boy, little did Emmah see they had her ready for the formal, he said ‘time for a night of fun, no exceptions.’ She said yes… in tears… (yet she did not even know his name she felt safe in his arms.) ‘Mallerie’s is a girl, that I feel is going to be a good girlfriend to you,’ said Naddalin, ‘have fun!’

Naddalin- '…And let you miss the biggest event of the year? No…'

Emmah did not say a word, she got dressed in a gown, and when on her date as if she was not blind- or left behind in any way.

(Back)

Naddalin- She was hoping that worked that everything they were fighting over moved to the other world without shattering like her on the inside, she- moved her foot slightly sideways, feeling around for glass shard in the darkroom after all the

lights had mysteriously all blown out- to pitch black.

(Forward- latter that night)

On top of all that she was hurting also over the fact that Emmah was starting to hate her like a teen girl to a mother that was saying no too many times.

‘Do not play games with us, Emmah,’ said Mallerie, and Naddalin winked at the girls and moved her lips without speaking, saying thank you!

All Emmah need was a friend.

‘I’m not playing games that I cannot see of trust what you’re going to

do with me,’ said Emmah, half her mind on the- conversation, half of the wand that was laying on the foot of her bed that she felt she would never use again. That the magical world was over for her… (little did she know.)

And then she- found someone’s toes they were Mallerie’s and pressed down upon them, Emmah was saying teach me to trust you, with a sharp intake of breath the girl said ‘ouch’ she told her you can trust me with your life, and music started, saying one way to trust me fast is to learn how to dance, and the music underway.

And then stepped in was something she never felt before- it was a boy, little did Emmah see they had her ready for the formal, he said ‘time for a night of fun, no exceptions, you’re going!’ She said yes… in tears… (yet she did not even know his name she felt safe in his arms- as if she had known him all her life.)

Naddalin- ‘Mallerie’s is a girl, that I feel is going to be a good girlfriend to you,’ said Naddalin, ‘have fun!’

‘Okay…?’

‘…And let you miss the biggest event of the year? No…’

Emmah did not say a word, she got dressed in a gown helped by Mallerie’s, and when on her date as if she was not blind- or left behind in any way.

‘What just happen?’ She would-whispered.

‘You’re going to party like a girl your age tonight, and I going to make sure you remember who you are.’

‘I know you?’ She said yet could not put her finger on it.

I know you know me! He spoke.

‘Duerre never told me that you were so beautiful- you are…

And she turns to him and said even if these…

And she pointed to her eyes…

‘You accept that they tightly shout forever- never blinking or open- to look at you admiringly, no eyes lie hidden behind the lids or a link to the- entrails of my soul?’ She spoke.

‘Eyes or not it does not change who you are to me- inside you’re the same, and on the out, it just looks as if

you're asleep all the time, it’s not a sad thing.’ He said reluctantly.

Mallerie sneered at him… in the carriage that was taking them to the grand ballroom, with all the other teens.

‘What?’ Said Naddalin, looking into the night, thought Mallerie mind, if he hurts her, I will kill him.

She was passing the floor.

And for a moment she- quite forgot the plain of her life that she was given. Yet I think that Naddalin had something to do with that…

‘What about my eyes?’ She insisted.

‘Let us forget about them all.’ He spoke.

‘What do you think?’ Whispered Emmah more urgently behind his ear, feeling his face to do so.

‘Your younger, and unhappy that all that changed about you’ he said.

‘You would be too if you were me, and had no choice but to live this way, just to be used.’

‘I- do- feel- I know you…’ she said.

‘I know that you do… yet, I am not telling you, to see if you realize.’ And his voice trails off…

‘Can she be?’ Said Mallerie, is remembering her old life, she is falling in love. Sounding maliciously delighted; some of the- bereavement and death of a past life is what she needs, to get him back as if it were all meant to be-in this one.

Naddalin knew before the night was over it would end with Emmah on her back in soft warm pesante, love! Love so soft she could not even get, and her morning of perfect even in her darkness, and when she did go it would

be like geysers, on repeat, sparing so heart it would hit her 11-year-old feet.

Naddalin knew that the girl needed to feel human, if only for a little, with darling, tenderness, feelings of want, while even if in this world you could be no less than that. Yet she still a girl at heart even if it stopped years ago. Emmah was going to get back her glow, of the girl they used to know. The night of a lifetime- Naddalin knew, yet that what all girl weighs a lifetime for, one night to hold onto for a lifetime or even more.

Emmah was having the time of her life… and was swooned over like

never, by this hot sexy man, she only had pictured in her mind- that she knew all too well. She let go and started to trust, releasing all the pain of the past.

Yet like her, do you know who he was now of blacked-out lust, or can you picture him, and what he is doing to her?

Like most girls Emmah loved to make cummie, she spent most of her day doing that, and he was her fantasy come true for her dreams of pleasuring herself.

There is no modesty in the fallen angel world, everything is public records- for anyone to read back, every moment of a fallen angel's life is automatically transcribed by magic into the book of their life and even lives.

Portion

(Amassment)

'I just got a new message, a high school in Pennsylvania was shot up last night and there was yet another spray for fame, and we now have a whole new batch of girls coming, all 9th graders, that were shot down in their schools- well just trying to learn- what

they're given to learn, in class, by a girl- that was a drop out that was picked on my those girls, that is why they're here, after all, never less the shooter is now in HELL, and we have 19 new kids to add, to this grade, …yet anyways we have a new train coming in momentarily ladies, be nice to them, they have been through a lot, as you could imagine.'

One girl named: Angela spooks up in the back well sitting in her desk, that is a link to the one in front- 'What is it going to take before the U.S.A changes laws about having an AK-47's, and child has the rights to them?'

Then at that moment, the girl relaying the message left…

A room busting out in the next giggling…

Some of laughing to the point it was disturbing- to Naddalin, and some even undercover their faces from their books were lost in the madness and more laughter- in their twisted thoughts, Naddalin shades her eyes and took Emmah into the next room, the laughter in her ears was 10 times stronger, and more appalling. What could be funny?

Jo-Ann- ‘And they're still going to the place that is next to hell, after living one.’ Naddalin was moving her lips as little as possible, ‘smashed as tight as they could be together, she said- ‘these are -lives?’’

‘Duerre never told you, girls, that here you get the chance to start over and go back as a new, in another body?’

Mallerie repeated, saying yes, and if not, you can be that haunt in someone that can only see and hear you, only she knows you’re in here, yet your all she has- all in her mind to keep going.’

‘It’s wonderful…’ Duerre said, along with saying- ‘…to be someone that a girl learns to trust in her mind, as you take over her body and soul. And then you are all she has in life, till you take it and bring her back with you, and she FALLS TOO YOU!’

Rushing to the station was the train- the doors were opened by the conductor, they ran off in ghostly looking binges that were nothing but flooding soul above the ground, till they got their full impressions body’s back.

One of the new girls said, walking naked as the day she, like

them, were born, head hung low, and body trembling, it was asked borough of a magic team of girls, that was standing before them, as they were all in a line, and asked why they were here- and why they should be, asked in a way like a warden at a prison would.

One young stark-naked girl looks- holds up her week hand in fear, tearing up saying, ‘you should know,’ along with saying jittery- ‘The world is a toile, a freaking cesspool, in which we have to live with the only rights being to eat whatever we want bombing around within it- and all and everything

is like is a free game of skill, and that is why we’re here.’

The did not say a word, they just motioned, them along… as they marched to the shower room, and disaffected- link into their newfound bodies of this world- as the fallen, then marched bare through all and every hall, for all the girls too see them- and eye them up-and, take bets on whom would cry like a little girl, all night long about missing mommy and daddy; like- we have all be though this is part of the initiation. As they go to their new dormitories, they ask to -remember- why they are here and not there.

Well, she explains why you did not come earlier, the- Dark Lord wondered why, you have a new life given, when not worthy, to you young ladies- that have no ruling, that death to you was unfair- he is a forgiven

Lord that you will serve, that is why you're here.' 'And… if- we don't?' Blink- blink- blink!

'Then you can go to HELL!' Said the girl leading the lineup.

Where are we now- it is like Hells Purgatory, where you are an angle of the fallen with dark wings and powers if you are worthy.

‘When will we?’ She asked.

Some of the girls just like she- thought natural curiosity about what would make her want to her if to pray to a Dark Lord- exactly wording the if and why… if she did, questioning everything, she chooses not to think, she went along with the meditation idea of having a life.

‘You didn’t come running when she- showed you the- place where it was hidden in your dreams, that this place was real did she?’

The other girls said, all in diverse ways ‘you lost me…’

The night before, I died… did she (she pointed at Naddalin,) I saw you in my dream a girl named, Nevaeh- saying it over and over that is you, I know it, along with saying that she said in the dream, ‘don’t go to school- tomorrow repeatedly.’ Like a premonition. ‘Did she now?’ said Naddalin, ‘well I can say that to you, I was the girl in your dreams, and I said not to go, then why did you?’

Behind her, she- felt a rush of frigid air, then heard Emmah passing the message- to the- others of a chilling massacre on Earth, that there was more gun violence- not more than a

week later- 1st graders even, and that more girls were coming in- enough to make a new grade. And the shooter, a seventh-grade boy, all he gets is a lasting life in HELL.

It was a horrific sight for all the mothers and fathers to come in and see brain splatter all over the young classroom and must see them in a coffin for the last time no more than two days later.

And she- thought to keep talking, to distract the other yet they were not giggling this time, they were mortified.

‘Why?’ Mallerie sounded incredulously undelighted.’

Why?’

‘So, she- wanted me to get them, did she, the same girl that got me- and they to…’ the new girl yelled? Not yet understand the ways of the world she was in yet, she was blaming Naddalin for being the angel of death.

Because she was not the only individual who was permitted to retrieve a prophecy from their dreams that night.

The- Department of Mysteries, are holding a meeting in the

auditorium, for all of you newcomers… about the ways of your new world, and your new-found life, and body, and those who are to come, and how to act, think, and react to them and all the other.

This was not a plan- by the girl you saw in your dreams some of you- she was trying to keep you from death and was not made by us. (The faces skeptical,) it was the act of a person taking life on Earth… yet we as the mysterious world let it be, order by the Dark Lord, saying well take the lives. That is how it works here…

Backtalk and more backtalk the girl gave- like a smart ass that she was, without her being allowed to speak in the room, finally; as the-Dark Lord rushed no less than two inches from her face discovered, by all for the first time, looking more demonic than anything they had ever seen, when she-attempting to yell.

He was saying something like- ‘I have no choice… here’ He obliterated her to dust before their eyes, to the world of flames below, for being belligerent, quarrelsome, argumentative, cantankerous, and loud-mouthed.

NADDALIN- he said- wickedly…

‘About both of you, the girl you are and the girl that is lost inside you, about both of you…’

‘I’ll protect- and what lies inside you, over the fact I have too- and I was paid off but remember that- I well- yet not by choice do I want to, yet I well, for now.’ He said in an unsettling way. Then it was said-

‘You will not be taking any more blame for wrath…’

‘And why did she- want to steal a prophecy about me? Why would I take

blame anyways to girls that don't know me…?' She spoke.

After the assembly, all the girls were sitting in their room gathered around Naddalin, it was time for them to ask their questions.

'This was the same prophecy idea… is it not?' Said Avril.

'Haven't, you ever wondered why the- she tried to kill you as a baby?'

'I wounded a lot of things as to the why of it all…' Whispered Naddalin.

'Why did she not kill you then?' Asked Avril.

‘To feel as much pain as one could that’s why.’

SICK! Said Avril, along saying- I want a copy of your book, to understand this world, I need to know all about the girl, that came here and then existed on- in this world and Earthly too.

Naddalin stared into the- slatted eye holes, of Emmah, remembering the grey eyes that were gleaming in the young lady’s body that were lost to the Dark Lord’s wishes, saying can we take these eyes and place them in here?

‘It would be a miracle if I could make the blind see…’

Naddalin placed her hands over Emmah’s eyes and full face- in healing touch, and supernaturally the eyeballs in the glittering gray were placed inside her eye socket, crying, and coming out of a blurriness the girl could see again miraculously.

Saying- ‘this was all meant to be…’ She screams…

Portion

In the last 5 years, she has released herself in the dark, 9,125 times, with him. It was time that she

got pregnant with him- the only way she knew him was in her mind- in him coming out of her within her body moments, and now for the first time, the mind that was in her, was seeing him and he was seeing more than just into her.

Was she prophesies, final coming back to her in the good? She is-repaired Naddalin's fathers had died, so a young child could live. She was-repair too mind, body, and spirit also… and for one she was able to think easy. And let her guard down, and for the first time she was able to go out and sour in flight, and take off like a hand

glider running off the side of a 1,000 Foothill. The rush of when passing her by at a high rate of speed, it was exciting, she screeched until it reverberated in the tree-filled hills around, that was covered in a low fog.

Emmah she carried, saying ‘I can see and have the love of my life all in the same day, and remember why you were my best friend? …And you are Naddalin…’

Was the- answer always held in her hands?

She thought back, thinking yes, yes it was.

Oh, the baby girl that Emmah had was one down Earth that did not live more than 48 hours (about 2 days), as a sold with a newborn child was passed to Emmah long for a child of her own, to mother. She gave her life up, and she can have it back and make family and look after a young child, as I did her. I just thought you would like to know…

Long story, short ending here, Emmah's daddy was a moonshiner… and he was always in the woods, or on the run… and was in and out of the clink, just to keep food on the table.

And Kristopher was the first boy she ran to that said I love you back.

Emmah had a flashback in her mind that I was looking in to distorted- and pulling frames of colors like a movie, of being 5 or so seeing the flams of the still. Yet that is the life of a hillbilly. And she is proud to be one…

Timeout in flight looking in the other worlds around that belong in time and space, that is no longer our time and space or even place. We angels are looking down on the Earth over Washington DC. We see 7,000 pairs of shoes outside the US Capitol, now half of those soles are with us, the question

is why? We well remember silent footsteps to end kid valance.

(I thought)

It is so sweet to see a girl must pay here due to the paper, as they say now have her, way as she always wanted to, along, yet that is a girl's life, no? They were just infatuated with each other. It was cousin love, all the way back until they were like 10, Emmah was in troubling love with this boy for yes till it made her hate him over it, but she was always in love with him and fantasized about him all ways day and night, wishing to have love with him and hold him tightly.

They would spend holidays at each-others homes- defining the parents, and he would say in the girl's room, the other girls would be out and they would talk all night with her nestled up to him, and then the summers came and it turns into a wrong love where they did not care, that he kept it in the family or what daddy said anymore, she wanted him, yet she was a tool, so many times this was wrong that she gave him up, and she paused, and she could not see that she after a while was killing herself over it all, and now she has him. It is a cousin love and now looking at them

making love who cares, love is love- right? I have all the memory they would play, run, jump, and even night swim… they were kids in love and lusting over being in love… walks in the wood… you get it.

Emmah- I could see for the first time, I stared at him. Who was this man? Was he truly the one that I had fallen in love with? This man was the father of the child that I would bear. It was more than I could comprehend. I opened my eyes. We seemed to be driving through the past, and I remember all the childhood games we played; I was at last with him. How

could he make her feel this way after everything that had happened? She should be mad as hell at him; instead, here she was, her pussy dripping wet. She blushed, and a soft whimper escaped her.

That sexy little sound almost drove him mad, of her- like it did when it was a wrong cousin love- back when they were children. He turned her around in one instantaneous movement, his large hand encircled her long slender neck, her big eyes staring up at him, and her soft rosebud lips slightly parted. He lowered his head and took her mouth in a hard-

demanding kiss, sinking his tongue deep into her mouth and feasting.

When he lifted his head, she was gasping for air; and her breath came in soft little pants. He looked at her, a serious, emotionless look on his face. As if to prove his point, he turned her around, he reached down between her legs and plunged two fingers deep inside her tight, now-swollen pussy.

She remembers when they were just kids… and it was all the same now… She looked at him and he had this possessive look on his face that both scared, confused, and excited her at the same time. Feeling trapped and

vulnerable, she began to struggle against his hold. But he was much stronger, and he would not budge, they made love even if it were wrong. A glowing smile played across her face as memories of the night before rushed back, everything was the same like it was in that loss of innocent's days when they were kids when they talked about everything and nothing at all, all at the same time. What scared her most was that she enjoyed it. It did turn the heat up in the bedroom as well, made the sex even hotter. She did love the new side of her cousin, more than she wanted to admit. Was what she needed

all along, she thought to herself- and then she sighed and now- that the answer was yes all along.

She remembers- when he said, "You smell so good," he breathed into her neck. Cuddled on the sofa when they were kids, letting your hair down on his face she was on top of him, all the flashbacks were coming back to her as was c*mming.

With that he firmly grasped a handful of curl, she lowered her legs, nothing changed. Her legs were weak and shaking, she leaned against the dresser for support, her breast heaved as her breath came in tiny little pants,

her eyes widen as he lifts his fingers to his mouth and sucked them dry. Yet my thoughts of all those years took me into the darkness of all the pain I had to go through just to have him back to me.

Naddalin- I stood up abruptly, slamming my hands on the table, causing the lamp to wobble and flicker, the day and time hand come… A half-an-hour later, the train rumbled to a stop, and everybody started getting off at that was the last time I saw her she and he were off to start a new life, in the town.

My job looking over her was over, in her time of hurt- and loss, yet I

got everything she sought, over her saving me in every way that I could be saved. And there is in the empty room was she stayed dim light, with nothing but an old dusty piano eerily showing in the sun rays of a duking day in my world of coding and dying, to remind me that she going. My mind flashed back to that time. There was red blood stretched down the halls coming out of that room as like this in darkness.

Dark laughter flooded with the blood of her having her eye stabbed out, from the room down the hall, I still ask why. It like I have a calling to help but to me, after the fact, it seems

pointless. Or I have to say was it all meant to be, anymore I do not know… do you? I left her alone like before, yet I must ask with all the money in the world am I happy… I do not know… if I am lonely I think I would like to be let alone, were in my mind could be free, to be the genus that I am- that the new- and why I was made to be left behind- I have the I.Q of 175- not 75 as they said they just drop the one to take me out the same as them- over the fact I could not be more- you see- you see.

Portion

Three weeks later, I dragged her body out of the woods I chased all

around and down, ripping all the clothing that was on her body off, and fractured her sweet young head with a stone. Cutting off her had I lost mine in the passion of love that was hate. In a field of wheat and settled it in the epicenter of a circle of chippings, like a shrine of a fiery Hell- lost in the purgatory ‘till final death, I said the last prayer in chants that you would not understand with white eyes rolling back into my head, to the Dark Lords, to understand the loss of life… that I was taking, back. I had positioned there with my other friend, Emmah- that gave me my life back, yet, I was lost without

her, and she did not want me so-o I had to-it was temporary insanity. I knifed her more than twice, yet this time in a way that was not in love, it was across the throat, and fifty-five times in the chest, even if there was no heart beating, I felt like mine was, and it stopped. I was planning to douse her body with acid disabled, keep the eyes in a jar, keep a lock of hair, and placed her back in the graveyard- where I could love her and cry over the grave or loss- like a good little girl I am, if I can have her in my life then she need not be alive for someone to use her, but something went mistaken, and we took

off instead… as just a transparent soul, and I am sure not she be coming back to mine and body.

‘It’s not cool- to betray your girlfriend…’

P.S it was said by others in school that Jenny has Afrappgia, either way, she is sped.

Passing Marcel Proust- with 'Guinness World Records.' 'Longest Novel'- in the word count at this point with this book- Proust time was (1871–1922) 13 volume- 'la recherche du temps perdu,' the title translates to 'Remembrance of Things Past.' contains an estimated 9,609,000 characters (each letter counts as one character. Spaces are also counted, as one character each.)

Proust word count is word count- 1,267,069, with book 46- 'Nevaeh Saga' - 'Hells Purgatory' I- Marcel Ray Duriez have passed in less than 5 years (Broke the Record of his

word count- date of 7/24/2017,) passed by 956 words having in all at this point 1,268,025 words.

Proust's page count was 4,215, My page count is at this point 7,274 and a true count of 6,703,272 auto summed with Excel, characters (each letter counts as one character. Spaces are also counted, as one character each.) Thus, in books to come after, I will note- when characters with spaces- surpass his documented record.